

## Room for a Jovial Tinker, Old Brass to mend:

O R, Here is a Tinker full of Mettle,  
The which can mend, pot, pan, or Kettle;  
For stopping of holes is his delight,  
His work goes forward day and night :  
If there be any Woman brave,  
Whose Coudrons need of mending have ;  
Send for this Tinker, ne'r deny him,  
He'l do your work well if you try him :  
A proof of him, i'le forthwith shew,  
'Cause you his workmanship may know.  
The Tune is, *Behold the man, &c.*



**I** was a Lady of the North,  
She lov'd a Gentleman,  
And knew not well what course to take,  
To use him now and then ;  
Wherefore she wrot a Letter,  
and seal'd it with her hand,  
And bid him be a Tinker,  
to mend both pot and Pan :  
With a hey ho hey derry derry down,  
with hey trey down down derry,  
And when this merry Gentleman,  
the Letter he did read,  
He got a Budget on his back,  
and Apron with all speed :

His pretty shears and pincers,  
so well they did agree,  
With a long Pike staff upon his neck,  
came tripping o'er the Lee :  
With a hey, &c.  
When he came to the Ladies house,  
he knocked at the gate,  
Then answered this Lady gay,  
who knocketh there so late ?  
'Tis I Madam the Tinker said,  
I work for Gold and Fee,  
If y' have any broken Pots and Pans,  
then bring them all to me :  
With a hey, &c.

**I** Am the brabest Linker,  
 that liveth beneath the Sun  
 If you have any Work to do,  
 you shall have it well done :  
 I have bials twichin my Budget,  
 and pusching under my Apron,  
 I'm come unto your Ladyship,  
 and mean to mend your Cauldron.  
 With a hey ho hey derry derry down,  
 with a hey trey down down derry,  
 I pzetes said the Lady gay,  
 bring now thy Budget in,  
 I have stoye of work for thee to do,  
 if thou wilt once begin.  
 Now when the Linker he came in,  
 that did the Budget bear,  
 God bless, quoth he, your Ladyship,  
 God bless you Adam fair,  
 With a hey, &c.  
 But when the Lady knew his face,  
 she then began to wink,  
 Past lussy Butler then, quoth she,  
 to fetch the man some drink,  
 Give h in some meat as we do eat,  
 and drink as we do use,  
 It is not for a Linkers trade,  
 good liquor to refuse.  
 With a hey, &c.  
 But when that he had eat and drunk,  
 the truth of all is se,  
 The Lady took him by the necke,  
 her Work to him to shew,  
 Set up thy tools Linker, quoth she,  
 and see there be none lost,  
 And mend the Kettle handiomey,  
 what e're it both me cost,  
 With a hey, &c.  
 Our Work Adam shall be well done,  
 if you will pay me for't,  
 For every nail that I do dybe,  
 you shall give me a mark :  
 If I do not dybe the nail to'th head,  
 I'll have nothing for my pain,  
 And what I receive of you,  
 shall be return'd again.  
 With a hey, &c.  
 At last being come into the room,  
 where he the Work should do,  
 The Lady lay down on the bed,  
 so did the Linker too.

The Linker did his work full well,  
 the Lady was not offended,  
 But before that she rose from the bed,  
 her Cauldron was well mended.  
 With a hey, &c.  
 But when his Work was at an end,  
 which he did in the dark,  
 She put h. r hand into her purse,  
 and gave him twenty mark,  
 Here's mony for thy Work, said e,  
 and I thank thee for thy pain :  
 And when my Cauldron mending lacks,  
 I'll send for thee again.  
 With a hey, &c.  
 The Linker he was well content,  
 for that which he had done,  
 So took his Budget on his back,  
 and quickly he was gone,  
 Then the Lady to her Husband went,  
 O my dear quoth she,  
 I have set the brabest Linker at Work,  
 that ever you did see.  
 With a hey, &c.  
 No fault at all this Linker hath  
 but he takes dear for his Work :  
 That little time that he wrought here  
 it cost me twenty mark.  
 If you had been so wise quoth he,  
 for to have held your own,  
 Before you set him to his Work,  
 the price you might have known.  
 With a hey, &c.  
 May hold your peace my Lord, qu. she,  
 I think it not to dear,  
 If you could do't so well, twould save  
 you forty pound a year,  
 With that the Lord most lovingly,  
 to make all things amends,  
 He kindly kiss his Lady gay,  
 and so they both were friends,  
 With a hey, &c.  
 You every Linkers every one,  
 that hear this new made Sonnet,  
 When as you do a Ladies Work,  
 be sure you think upon it.  
 Dybe home your nails unto the head,  
 and do your Work profoundly  
 And then no doubt your Mistresses,  
 will pay you for it soundly,  
 With a hey, &c.